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What I Saw in Spain

by Estelle Manning

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LUCE'S CURTAIN:

Burnham's *Kampf*

by Joseph Starobin

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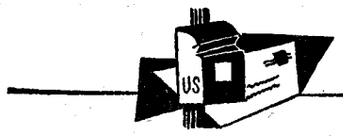

Pablo Neruda

To New Masses: After reading the May 6 issue of *NM*, which was excellent, I realized again that the words of poets may have a special life if they are the breath of the people, for by the ringing clash—word against word—is perpetuated the strife of the people.

Only simple, clean words, fused with the people's blood, can sing forever. Twisted, esoteric phrases, however clever, lack spontaneity and display virtuosity instead of life. It was Barbusse who said, "Virtuosity lacks life; life is not a matter of equipment; it lies in a vigorous application of technical means to great ends."

For speaking simply, and from his heart, of the struggles, growth and life of his people, I greet a people's poet—Pablo Neruda.

R. M. F.

Los Angeles.

[illegible]eater

[illegible]asses: At a time when the [illegible]erican cultural products are invading England we believe there is a need to strengthen the bond of all that is good and progressive on both sides of the Atlantic. We would like to bring to the notice of your readers our Play Service, which publishes in mimeographed form one full-length and one short play each month. These range from plays by new authors to specially-prepared translations and adaptations of classics, *e.g.*, Gorky's *Enemies*, Lorca's *Shoemaker's Wife*, and Dickens' *Great Expectations*.

We have instituted a special American subscription to our Play Service of $17.50. Remittances should be sent to *New Theater Magazine*, 374 Gray's Inn Road, London, W. C. 1. We shall be pleased to answer any questions your readers may have, either about this service or on any kindred topic. We are also interested in receiving suitable American scripts whose issue in our service would help on this side of the Atlantic to strengthen the cultural bonds between our two countries.

Elsie Chisnall
Secretary, Play Service.

London.

I'm So Happy

To New Masses: I live by opposites. I broke my leg once, and when told that the fellow at the opposite end of the ward had two broken legs, I smiled, thankful for the fates that protected me.

During the great depression of the 1930's I was unemployed for eighteen months. When my favorite newspaper informed me that in France the average man was unemployed for twenty-six months, I decided to postpone suicide indefinitely. At present I'm employed on two jobs. One to earn a regular salary, and the other to supplement the income of the first. In this way, working sixty hours per week, I am able to keep up with inflation. I'm tired, worn out by endless work. But when my paper informs me that in Poland they don't have free elections, I just smile and take it.

The apartment I live in is old; the plaster's broken and the walls are black. It's cold. I can't find another apartment, and my landlord is already practicing to write out rent receipts with a fifteen percent increase. But when my reliable newspaper tells me there won't be any new housing in Russia for many years, I just relax, thankful about my cozy home over here.

I'm so happy to know, as my paper says, "that it's never so bad that it couldn't be worse somewhere else."

New York. Martin Bank.

Gentle Style

To New Masses: Excuse my singling it out, but Scott Taber's cartoon in the old style also has unusual wit. I'd like to see more of the gentle style, as in his one on prices: "Can you still see Harry Truman?" (NM, June 3), rather than the overdone blasts. Better fewer and the memorable than the bludgeoning kind, and the little pieces which fill nooks without connection to text.

Chicago. E. Brooks.

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THE ONLY ANSWER

IT WAS a beautiful Monday, the second day of summer. But out of Washington a cold wind blew over the nation. The telegrams from ordinary people all over the country were still pouring in when the Senate cast its vote —telegrams pleading with the Senators to uphold President Truman's veto. But a majority of the Republican and Democratic members of Congress had heard their master's voice. The will of the National Association of Manufacturers prevailed. Shortly after 3 P.M. the Taft-Hartley bill became law.

This law is ruthless class legislation. It mirrors the wishes of the most reactionary capitalist groups. It expresses their unbridled profit lust and their hatred of democracy. By smashing at one stroke so large a segment of the New Deal social gains it reveals how precarious are all the democratic achievements of the people so long as capitalism exists. The Taft-Hartley bill is not simply anti-labor; it is anti-America: a long step toward overthrowing the American republic and establishing a government in the fascist image.

But the Taft-Hartley bill contains within it the potentialities of its own negation. Instead of repressing the class struggle, as its sponsors fondly hope, it must inevitably sharpen it. Fifteen million American workers will no more submit to being shackled than did their forefathers when the manacles were labeled Alien and Sedition Acts. Labor organization has been made more difficult, strike-breaking has been given a hundred new weapons, freedom of speech and the press have been more tightly encircled, democracy has been savagely gashed, but we are confident that in the end *the American people will veto this legislation and veto as well the political parties that spawned it.*

President Truman's veto message gave in temperate language an analysis of the contents of the Taft-Hartley measure which should have left no doubt in the mind of any fair-minded person of its infinite capacity for evil. Yet 106 members of his own party in the House voted to override the veto, while only eighty-three voted to sustain it; in the Senate the vote of the Democrats was twenty for overriding, twenty-two against. As for the Republicans, only eleven in the House and three in the Senate upheld the veto.

Though the Republicans stand convicted as prime initiators, there is reason to ask: how much did President Truman and the Democratic high command do to secure the defeat of the Taft-Hartley bill? Throughout the weeks when the Taft and Hartley bills were being considered, the President gave no inkling as to where he stood. On the contrary, he permitted all sorts of rumors to circulate that he was prepared to sign a "strong" anti-labor bill, rumors which he did nothing to dispell and which his own labor record certainly failed to contradict. By his attitude the President gave a free hand to the reactionaries and deprived the people of the kind of leadership they had a right to expect from a government even approximately concerned with their welfare.

Faced with the warning of labor and progressive spokesmen that a mere veto would be regarded as lip-service, Truman went through the motions of doing something more. Immediately after sending his veto message he invited for lunch thirteen Senators, but according to the New York *Times*, "Mr. Truman asked no one present to change his mind but did most strongly ask all to read and ponder his veto message." The Senators evidently pondered not only the veto message, but the absence of any effort to persuade them to sustain the veto—and acted accordingly. And Truman's last-minute appeal in a letter to Senator Barkley proved ineffectual in view of the failure of Democratic leaders to exert any pressure.

BUT the complicity of the Truman administration and of the Democratic high command extends beyond this strange passivity in the face of so grave a menace to the people's liberties. Did not the President himself take the first step along the road that culminated in the Taft-Hartley bill when in December 1945 he proposed anti-labor "cooling off" legislation? And did he not take another long step when in May 1946 he broke the railroad strike by proposing measures that would have set up a virtual military dictatorship over labor? And did he not take a further step in November when in violation of the Norris-La Guardia Act he used an injunction to break the miners' strike?

Moreover, the Taft-Hartley bill is only the domestic counterpart of the Truman-Vandenberg foreign policy. How can the giant Wall Street monopolies dominate the world unless they also dominate in the fullest sense America? For that they require first of all the subjugation of the labor movement. The same Senator Vandenberg who lectures other nations on democracy and reinforces his lectures with dollars and atom bombs is now delivering this lecture to the American people with the blackjack of the Taft-Hartley Act. And the Taft-Hartley doctrine, as the leader of the Italian Communist Party, Palmiro Togliatti, pointed out the other day, arouses the same fears among the peoples of Europe as its twin, the Truman Doctrine.

The job before every American progressive today is *to organize the mass repudiation of the Taft-Hartley Act —a repudiation so determined and powerful that it will quickly bring about its repeal or its invalidation by the Supreme Court.* For this, unity of action and organic unity of the AFL and CIO is indispensable—a unity which has already been given great impetus by the struggle to defeat the Taft-Hartley bill. This common battle also urgently demands unity of action between the two liberal organizations, Progressive Citizens of America and Americans for Democratic Action—a unity which hitherto has been rejected by the leaders of the latter group.

Above all, mass repudiation and annulment of the Taft-Hartley Act requires the repudiation of its bipartisan perpetrators—not only the individual Republicans and Democrats who voted for it, but the Truman administration and the two Wall Street-dominated parties. CIO President Philip Murray wired the Democratic party chiefs that the vote on the veto "will be the test whether the Democratic Party can be the instrument for the protection of the interests of the American people against those who would destroy our democracy." That answer has been given unequivocally in the negative. *The time to build a new party of the people is now.*

THE EDITORS.

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Today ~~TOMORROW~~ THE WORLD!

A professor of esthetics and medieval logic spells out a program for the "American Century." Who is this prodigal prophet who beckons the way to doom?

By JOSEPH STAROBIN

THE second secretaries of the State Department, the retired colonels awaiting a new war, the county seat newspaper editors, and the bipartisan small-bore politicos who make up our Congress are all agog. A new hypnotist has staked his tents in the Nightmare Alley of American politics. *Life* magazine spreads a plushy carpet before him, and the Town Meeting of the Air admits him as a matter of course into the super-Hooper fraternity. James Burnham was some time a-coming, but he has arrived—at the right place, at the right time. In his new book, *Struggle For the World*, he has struck the last Klondike, the great American industry of "fighting communism."*

Some of us humble folk who "remember him when" are not surprised at the success of this renegade from the American Left. The small fact that he writes from the half knowledge and the full spleen of the Judas has been concealed from his present audience. But his latest book cannot be understood without remembering that small fact.

The tall, cherubic professor of esthetics and medieval logic came out of his lonely seminars in the early days of the great crisis. He was one of a group of men who believed that their signatures to a petition for the candidacy of Foster and Ford in the 1932 campaign entitled them to undisputed leadership of the American working class. It was a seed time for ambitious men.

My own recollection of Burnham is fragmentary but sharp. It was an evening back in the pit of the crisis, and we waited in the half light of the street-corner to accompany the professor to a student meeting. Thousands of young people took part in the student movement of that time, searching for real values with a genuine humility and a militancy, and very few of them turned out to be intellectual vagrants, like Burnham.

On that particular evening, the professor arrived in a powerful automobile. This detail is not especially significant in a country like ours, but there was something typical and fundamental in it. The professor drove a long, powerful black Buick—a predatory auto. In the shadows of the rear seat was a haughty lady, who silently tolerated her youthful company as we rode to the meeting. We were suddenly reminded of the hard fact that Burnham came from another world—the scion of a great railroading family. The flashback was plain: the brilliant son escapes the desert of entrenched Midwestern wealth to find an oasis in an Eastern college, where he quaffs deep of Aquinas. Then comes the Communist youth movement, through which he tours in his predatory Buick.

Later the professor drove further. He went through the sulphurous canyons of Trotskyism, gripping the wheel firmly; then to the plateau of the "managerial revolution," contemptuous of the Illinois coupon-clippers on the one hand and the hewers of wood and drawers of water on the other. Now the prodigal returns.

The world of the railroad barons is in deep crisis. Burnham has no great respect for his own country where, he says, "the accomplished, confident technician is fused with the crude and semi-hesitant barbarian." But the barbarian attracts him and he proposes to give advice for the sake of those whom he despises. Giving advice is an intellectual exercise for the tourist in the high-powered Buick.

In time of crisis, he says, "the masses become subject to the influence of ideas, of world-shaking myths, of vast non-rational impulses." The professor will now supply the "myth of the twentieth century" for an America thickening to empire. Burnham still drives his predatory Buick, now powered by atomic energy, on to the fields of Armageddon.

ON PERUSING this book, you are struck immediately by the fact that Burnham does not believe in democracy, and that it is not for democracy that he proposes that our people organize all their energies to "crush communism" at home and throughout the world. Burnham is not writing as a convinced democrat who conceives his way of life and ideals to be endangered by what he considers to be a non-democratic system.

Burnham himself long ago left the democratic faith. In the very first pages of his book he dismisses the "abstract, empty rhetoric of democratic idealism,

* STRUGGLE FOR THE WORLD, *by James Burnham. John Day. $3.*

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as first established for us by Thomas Jefferson." He does not view the present world crisis as an opportunity to realize democratic hopes; for him the entire American heritage is a lag from the country's adolescence—"a medium of ideas suitable to the days when the country was in reality a province. . . ."

This contempt for democracy extends to everyone who disagrees with Burham and can be called (entirely on his own say-so) a Communist or a "dupe" of the Communists. What we have here is an intellectualized J. Edgar Hoover, a mind that works like that of the most menial aide of the Thomas-Rankin committee. Thus he expresses hatred for Henry Wallace, for Claude Pepper, for every individual and organization that is, or is falsely called, Communist. This hatred extends to Franklin D. Roosevelt, and we learn that the late President's entire war effort and postwar strategy was a great mistake. We were "disoriented" by defeating the Axis, and it was most regrettable that we had to do so in the company of the Soviet Union. Our purpose, it seems, should have been to keep the Russians out of the war in Asia, to invade the Balkans and to convert the "disorienting" war against fascism as quickly as possible into war with Russia. All this is, of course, quite unoriginal. At the outset the Nazi generals and the Japanese admirals had the same hopes. Churchill developed them as the war continued. It is characteristic, however, of the fundamentally anti-democratic basis of Burnham's thought that he attacks Roosevelt in this fashion.

It is also significant that though we read chapter after chapter damning Russia and communism, expecting at some point a cogent defense of capitalism and some perspective of a society worth defending and building in competition with communism, Burnham has no such prescriptions. He does not offer our generation anything except a brute struggle for power, an atomic war in which "both of the present antagonists may, it is true, be destroyed. But one of them must be."

The bulk of Burnham's argument revolves around the nature and aims of the Soviet Union, and the Communist movements in the rest of the world. Burnham asserts that Soviet society is a dictatorship based on deception and terror, that its economic centralization makes genuine productive achievement impossible, that it is "socially totalitarian," a denial of liberty, etc. Every Communist Party member is alleged to be a Moscow agent. Every activity, whether in defense of a lynched Negro in Alabama or in support of a wage demand in Malaya, is alleged to be part of the Soviet struggle for world domination.

But is it all true? the simple citizen must ask himself, after absorbing the formidable impact of Burnham's repetition. Where is the evidence? Who is the authority?

It turns out that all the evidence about Russia is derived in plentiful footnotes from Krivitsky, Manya Gordon, Kravchenko, W. H. Chamberlin, Gouzenko and similar "experts." The testimony of the Webbs, of Jerome Davis, of Frederick L. Schuman is entirely ignored. The simple fact about Soviet production—that it accomplished miracles enough to withstand Hitler's organized might—is entirely omitted. Ridiculous assertions that living standards and productive levels are lower today in the Soviet Union than they were in 1913 are passed off as gospel truth.

America is supposed to organize itself for a gigantic conflict, which Burnham asserts has already begun. We cannot escape, he says; we are like characters in a Greek tragedy. And all of this is premised on sheer lies about Russia which Burnham retails on the say-so of a generation of discredited turn-coats, petty liars, the disgruntled flotsam of a decomposed world that went to manure with the end of the Czar.

There is a fantastic insouciance here, a typical fascist bit of deceit. Burnham quotes Burnham's own friends and that is sufficient proof for which a world holocaust is to be fought through by all of humanity to an uncertain but disastrous conclusion!

But something more is involved here. To a certain extent, the Communist movements outside of the Soviet Union share the blame for letting the Burnhams get away with their distortions. Too often we have left it to a few observers like Edward Hallett Carr (his recent book, *The*

In the new democratic Hungary land was distributed among landless peasants. "This wreath is of the first ripened wheat of my own land; it belongs to those who gave not only freedom but also bread to the people." Peasant at a mass meeting at Miskolc. Drawing by Hugo Gellert.

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Soviet Impact on the Western World, is one of the best antidotes for Burnham) to point out a few simple facts.

The most important of these are the profound changes which have taken place in the international Communist movement since the late Twenties. New experiences have resulted in new tactics. I would even say that the accumulated effect of tactical changes has produced new principles, and an extension and development of old principles to new circumstances. Some of us have been reluctant to examine the nature and implication of these changes. The Burnhams quote us documents from the mid-Twenties which envisaged the whole world repeating the exact experiences of the Russian people, but in actual fact, as Lenin thought probable,* no such mechanical repetition of the Soviet experience has taken place.

Fifteen years of history have clarified these underlying changes in Communist theory. Today, there are Communist movements in Europe which visualize a transition to Socialism not necessarily via the dictatorship of the proletariat. Obviously, the shape of socialism in each European country is likely to be different from that of the Soviet Union. In an era when democracy is under mortal attack from fascism, Communists are proving again what was always true in the first place: that communism is rooted in democracy, though it further develops democracy as well. In the political and moral sense, communism, although it means a different and richer level of democracy, is an outgrowth and extension of the great democratic movement of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The Soviet experience shook the world, and all democracy owes an incalculable debt to the Soviet revolution; but in the long eye-down of history, it will not minimize the Soviet experience to say that it may not prove to be the detailed pattern for humanity's advance to socialism. Only as we establish these truths in our own minds, and proclaim them to all peoples beyond refutation, can we finally demolish the Burnhamian thesis.

Certainly in the United States, which occupies a particular place in the world democratic tradition, the Communist movement derives and should derive its main roots from our special conditions. If we were to apply Marxism in this country systematically, taking into account the democratic past, the high productive levels which should make a transition to socialism relatively easy (whether it will be easy will not depend on the people alone), the Burnham thesis, which tries to revolve all struggles for progress exclusively around the interests of the Soviet Union, would be more effectively destroyed.

It is necessary to affirm clearly that communism is not totalitarian. It is the American tradition extended to our times and problems, and given new content. The one-party state is not a matter of principle. And we propose a development for our own country which will give us leadership on some planes of historical achievement, while the Russian people will have it on others.

We face a fundamental necessity to apply Marxism to the American reality, utilizing all possibilities for peaceful change by constitutional process, building upon our productive levels and determining our attitude toward other classes and all problems of state power from the stages already reached in this country. It is essential for us to make clear the road we wish to follow to American socialism, throwing upon the small, monopolist minority the responsibility for making necessary any different or harsher road.

ONE final point about Burnham's book. Many reviewers, like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., share admiration for the anti-Soviet nonsense in it, for the policy of getting tough with the world, now embodied in the Truman Doctrine, and for the apparent brute strength of the argumentation. And yet these same reviewers are repelled on the grounds that the good professor is exaggerating. He overstates his case. He overplays his hand. This is not a minor defect in Burnham; it is a central feature revealing that the book is not a serious study of America's international position but a tour de force, an exercise of a completely irresponsible individual.

Why does the advice of a world battle to crush communism become so preposterous even to those who share its assumptions? Why is it that the Truman Doctrine is accepted so reluctantly in the United States, and partisans like James Reston in the *New York Times* complain that the same Congressman who passes it does not understand its assumptions and will not for long tolerate its unfolding consequences?

Honest Americans glimpse that it is too late to conquer the world; it is only possible to live together with the rest of the world and not on the ruins of a world which we would ruin further. The honest minds of our country realize that the new type of democracies arising in Europe and Asia are not the outer rim of a new system of conquest; they are the vanguard of a new system of states based for the first time on a real self-determination, on a liquidation of the forces which brought the old world to chaos. Deep down in America's conscience there is a realization that in order for our country to live in any kind of democracy and prosperity we must recognize an anti-fascist world order, not seek to establish a fascist world order of our own.

Of course, this consciousness is not enough to mold policy; the dangerous thing about the Truman Doctrine is not that it will succeed, but that it will be seriously tried. The attempt to try it will cause enough destruction both abroad and at home so that the inevitable return to a genuine policy in the interests of our people will be extraordinarily difficult.

Here lies the real danger of the Burnham plans; they are hypnotic and narcotic, but not feasible or practical or capable of being realized. Their purpose is not to solve our problems, as they claim, but to induce a trance, a state in which national reason is suspended and the voluntary use of the nation's faculties is made impossible.

The Burnham book exhilarates the *Time-Life-Fortune* crowd, which lives in a perpetual jag and thinks the rest of the country has nothing more important to do. Burnham's book is the opium of the people, and what the country needs is a political pure food and drug act to limit the use of this opium to a small section of conspicuous wastrels. The rest of us have to go about the mundane business of rescuing the country and the world from the effects of the opiates which the Burnhams have too long and too frightfully imposed upon us.

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* "We think that the *independent* elaboration of Marx's theory is especially necessary for Russian socialists since this theory provides only the general guiding principles which in *detail* must be applied in England in a manner different from that applied in France, in France in a manner different from that applied in Germany, and in Germany in a manner different from that applied in Russia." V. I. Lenin, *Marx-Engels-Marxism*.

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What I Saw In Spain

"He knew I was hiding something but the decision to search me seemed difficult for him to make."

By ESTELLE MANNING

This is the second and concluding piece in this series. Miss Manning's first article appeared last week.

Paris (by mail).

IT WAS an ancient third-class train that left Madrid early in the evening for Valencia. It rumbled laboriously through the suburbs, gradually picked up speed as the city faded into the distance. A warm spring sunset came and went and big red cinders fell from the engine to the tracks. The train jolted and stopped, then started up again and passed over narrow bridges that were being repaired. It waited for a noisy troop train to pass. No one waved to the soldiers.

Soon all the light left the sky, and the passengers pulled their thin coats and shawls tightly around their shoulders as the air grew chill. A few took out their baskets of bread and cheese and wine and spread the food on their laps for dinner. It was a long trip ahead—all night and part of the next day—and most had brought enough bread for the morning meal.

The *Fallas*, Valencia's annual fiesta, was to open the next day and the train was almost full. Most of the people were going to the *Fallas* not to celebrate but to sell what meager goods they had been able to accumulate during the previous months.

The train pulled into Aranjuez. Outside there were shouts, curses and farewells as swarms of shabbily-dressed people clambered aboard. They stacked their paper suitcases, wicker baskets and boxes in the aisles and sat on them. For the first five minutes they were quiet, arranging themselves for the trip.

Later in the evening as I stood on the platform between the cars watching the moon come up, I saw a young man coming very swiftly toward me through the car in front. He looked at me briefly as he came out onto the platform, started to say something, looked over his shoulder and then darted up the ladder onto the top of the train. His face showed a trace of fear, but there was a grim determination in his movements. I wondered what the trouble was, and what it was he had almost said to me.

A few minutes later, the conductor, also moving very fast through the train, came out onto the platform. "Did you see a young man?" he said.

I remembered the look on the youth's face. "No," I said.

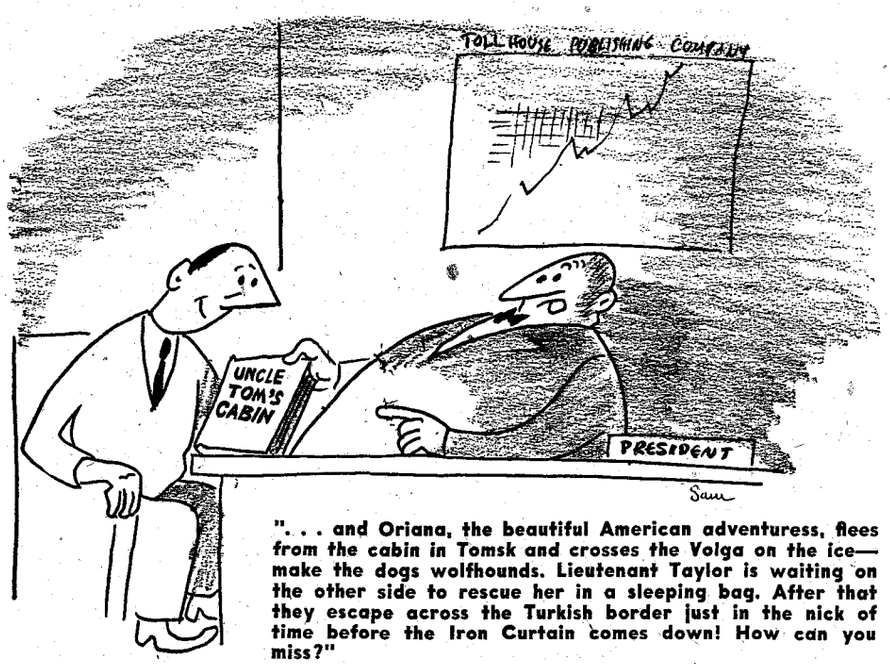
The train began to slow down for another station, and as I leaned over and looked back down the tracks I saw someone drop from one of the rear cars and disappear into the trees. In the station the conductor jumped off and conferred with a group of soldiers there. He pointed back in the direction from which we had come, and the soldiers started off at a run, their heavy guns slapping their backs. We were then close to the mountains, and I wondered if the young man was one of the guerrillas of that area.

At Alcazar, people were waiting four and five deep, all heavy with baggage. The children were wide-eyed, pale with excitement. It was too crowded to sit in the aisle, but a few more managed somehow to get in and hunched against their packages. Next to me were two old women. They had beautiful, stern faces, brown as the earth; tired, grim, beautiful faces.

And on the seat next to me was a black-haired woman of about forty—it was hard to tell—with deep creases in her face. A fat man with a beret standing nearby began to tease her about being fat, too. They would make a good pair, he said. The coach grew warm with so many bodies and soon the car was alive with fast, low talk. The platform between the coaches filled. Some climbed to the roof and sat there in the cold night, singing, trying to keep warm.

AT ALICANTE, hundreds more tried to come aboard. They pounded on the doors of the coach. The man in the beret appointed himself custodian of the door. "Let us in," they shouted. "We have the right. Open the door!"

"It's not that you don't have the



". . . and Oriana, the beautiful American adventuress, flees from the cabin in Tomsk and crosses the Volga on the ice—make the dogs wolfhounds. Lieutenant Taylor is waiting on the other side to rescue her in a sleeping bag. After that they escape across the Turkish border just in the nick of time before the Iron Curtain comes down! How can you miss?"

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right, *hombres,*" the man said. "It's just that there is no room. *No puede entrar. No puede entrar.*"

There were angry shouts from behind the door, but the man in the beret stood firm. There was, indeed, no room for even one more child in the car.

While the train waited in the station, we opened a window for air. A family—an old woman, her son and several more children—stood huddled about their baggage. It was of no use for them even to try to get on the train. They stood staring as the cold wind blew through the station. I wondered where they would go when we had gone. It was well after midnight.

Just as we were ready to pull out, a young man carrying a suitcase and several other bags pounded on the side of the train and looked up at us.

"Please let me in," he shouted.

"There is no more room, *hombre.*"

"But my family is already on the train. I must get on."

There was desperation in his face. We took a quick, silent vote of eyes in the coach, then hurriedly reached through the window and took his baggage. Someone outside gave him a boost.

"Thank you, a million thanks," he said. He crawled over the old women and wedged himself a place. The woman with the dark hair gave him a blanket to throw over his shoulders. He had no coat.

The train lumbered on. The old women in the aisle dozed sitting there. The man with the beret slept on his feet. *"No puede entrar,"* he said at every stop. *"No puede entrar."*

It was 3 A.M. I was sitting almost asleep when the woman beside me said in a low, level voice, "They are coming to search."

She tapped the sleeping women in the aisle. "Wake," she said. "Wake quickly and hide your goods." The old women were on their feet instantly, glancing quickly about the car. Others were trying to hide the parcels they carried with them. In the crowded car it was almost impossible.

Suddenly one of the old women looked at me.

"You are American?" she said.

"Yes."

"You will hide my packages for me?"

I looked puzzled.

"Please," she begged. "I will explain it to you later."

She gave me four heavy sacks of sugar and as quickly as I could I pushed them under the robe at my feet. The woman next to me also hid a sack.

At that moment a civil guard with a submachinegun slung over his shoulder threw open the door of the car. No one spoke as he began slowly down the aisle. He was very thorough, opening all suitcases and looking in all pockets. When he found a package he wanted he would ask, "Whose is this?" No one, of course, would answer, and he would throw it to a heap at the end of the car.

As he approached me I took my American passport out and laid it in my lap. He looked at the blanket around my feet, then at my passport. I yawned and stared back at him. He knew I was hiding something, but it seemed to be a difficult decision for him to make to search me. I fingered the passport with my left hand and continued to stare at him.

The old women in the aisle were very pale. And the machinegun didn't look too friendly to me, either. Finally he reached down in a half-hearted gesture, found one of the five bags, seemed satisfied and passed on. The dark-haired woman beside me looked straight ahead.

When the train stopped again, the civil guard threw all the packages out of the window and jumped out after them.

The people cursed him in low, angry voices. "Robber, bandit, filthy swine!" they said. "He will take the stuff and sell it himself on the black market. Why doesn't he search the first and second class trains? He would find the real black market there instead of taking the bread out of our mouths."

When we started up again, one of the old women leaned over and began to talk to me.

"True," she said, "these goods are for the black market. But it is the only way we can live. This sugar represents my next six months' food money. Without it my family would starve. It is the government that forces us to do this thing. But the guard would not touch you, an American."

For a moment she looked contemptuously at me. Then she smiled. "You have done me a great favor." But she did not sleep any more that night.

The woman with the black hair sighed. "They are the same all over," she said.

"You mean the guards?" I said.

"Yes, In prison they were the worst."

"In prison?"

"Yes, for six years they kept me in prison."

"But you, why? What did you do?"

"My husband was a member of the Republican Army. For that I spent six years in prison. I saw them beat a young girl to death one day. They kicked her until she turned black. But she did not die right away. They saw to that. There were many more too, that died that way."

"Where is your husband now?" I said.

"Oh, he is alive," she smiled tiredly. "He must live near Valencia in a little village, and they make me live in Madrid. Occasionally they allow me to visit him—for one week. He is not well.

"But look at me," she said. "How old do you think I am?"

"I would say about forty-five."

"I am thirty," she said. "I was lucky to get out of there alive."

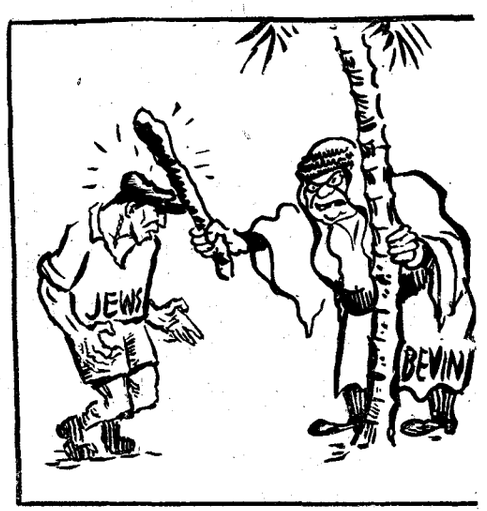
"But the sugar," I said. "You hid it for the old women. If you had been caught, they would have put you in prison again."

"Yes," she said, "I know, but during the past ten years in Spain we have learned to help each other."

"We will be in Valencia soon," she said, after a pause, "It will be good to see Rafael again. Look, the dawn is coming." The car was quiet, and the people's faces were grey in the morning light.

VALENCIA. The young man in the dark pin-stripe suit smiled. "Politics don't bother us," he said, gesturing with his cognac glass at the people in the bar. "Politics should be left to the politicians."

"And Franco," I said, "he is a good *politician?*"



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"Ah, yes," he said quickly. "He is a smart man. And he is keeping communism out of Spain. Of course," he continued in a confidential manner, "none of us like Franco. It is not fashionable to like him. But we have not done so badly during the past ten years."

"We?" I said.

The young man assumed a scowl that did not become his handsome young face, but it quickly disappeared. "My friends that you see here," he said, pointing again. I looked across the room. Young girls in mink coats and nylon stockings were smiling up at handsome, well-tailored young men. They all looked remarkably alike—all just a bit self-conscious, with faces and voices that might have come out of Hollywood movie sets.

The young man beckoned to three of his companions who were chatting at the bar. "This young lady is from America," he said. "She has come to Valencia to see the *Fallas*." The three drew up chairs around the small table.

"Ahhh," they said in unison. "Did you live in Hollywood?"

"Yes," I said, "I lived there once."

"You were an actress?" they said.

"No," I said, "a journalist. And what do *you* do?"

"Ahhh," they said again. "We are —that is to say—we are businessmen."

"Businessmen?"

"Yes," said the young man. "Waiter, more cognac."

The warm room and the cognac began to have a relaxing effect on the four youths and soon they were telling me that all you needed to make money in Spain these days was a few brains. "Of course," they said, "knowing the right people also helps in one's business ventures."

"Fellows," asked the first young man, "do you think we should tell her of our 'adventure'?"

"I don't see why not," another said, smiling mysteriously.

"Well," the first confided, "we were all members of the Blue Division that fought against Russia during the war."

"Machine-gunners," another said.

"And we spent a lot of time in Germany. It was wonderful in Germany then. We even learned some German . . . *ein, zwei* — another round, waiter—*drei, vier*. . . ."

It was near midnight, and when the waiter brought the drinks he said it was closing time and asked that the check be paid. The young man laid a few bills on the table.

The waiter looked at me and laughed. "These bills are frauds," he said. "They are supposed to be Spanish money, but they are not even printed in Spain." I looked at the tiny type at the bottom of a 100-peseta note. "LEIPZIG—Giesecke and Devrient—BERLIN," it said. But under the stern stare of the young man the waiter picked up the bills and hurried away.

"But come, we have had enough talk of politics," the young man said. "Let us go to the roof and watch the opening of the *Fallas*. In the Plaza del Caudillo they will soon be setting off the giant fireworks to open the fiesta. From there you will get a fine view of the spectacle and the people in the plaza."

From the rooftop there was, indeed, a fine view of the plaza. The huge square, with its giant fountain in the center and the many streets leading into it, was swollen with the more than 15,000 people who had gathered there. The steady sound of thousands of voices filled the air.

Precisely at one o'clock a giant skyrocket hissed through the dark night. Then there was a terrific explosion and a rainbow of colors lit the sky and floated downward slowly. The crowd cheered and applauded. There followed in the next ten or fifteen minutes a beautiful display of multi-colored fireworks.

"Just like an air raid," I said.

"Well, almost," the young man said. "Look at the people enjoying the fiesta. There are no politics there, I can tell you."

"No?" I said.

"No!" he said, his voice just a trifle impatient.

BACK again at Port-Bou near the French border, I felt as though I were slowly awakening from a frightful nightmare. In a matter of hours I would be in France. No more civil guards, no more *carabineros*, no more hopelessness in the eyes of the people. I thought of Senora B——, of the many others I had met and talked with, and the nightmare lingered.

There had been little laughter in Spain, except for my last few hours there, and that was at the expense of the customs officials and the *carabineros*. I arrived at the border with five pesetas, and after going through Spanish customs I asked one of the guards if would be possible for me to walk up the mountain to the border.

"Walk?" His mouth dropped open.

"Yes. I have no money for the taxi."

"I hardly think so. It would seem to me quite impossible."

I showed him my wallet. The five peseta note looked very tiny in the bottom.

"Can't you cash more American dollars?" he asked.

From "The Voice," Australian Jewish magazine.

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"It is Sunday," I reminded him.

"I shall have to see," he said, muttering as he walked away. Presently he emerged with two more *carabineros* and, for some unknown reason, two navy officers. They stood about twenty yards down the platform from me and I could hear them talking in rapid, excited tones.

Finally one of them, a superior officer, walked slowly toward me.

"I, ah, I hear, Miss, that you intend to walk to the border. Is that right?" He stroked his tiny moustache as if he were in deep thought.

"Yes," I said.

"Ah," he said, rejoining his colleagues.

A few minutes later, he called me over.

"We have decided," he said, "to let you walk over the mountain. But there is just one thing." He paused as if to impress me with the seriousness of the situation. "You must take a guard with you."

"Me?" I said. "A guard?"

"Yes, you," he said. "A guard."

"But why a guard?"

"For security reasons."

I muffled a laugh. A young *carabinero* who couldn't have been more than sixteen years old was assigned the questionable honor of escorting me up the Pyrenees.

"All right," the boy said gruffly, "let's go."

It was hot going up the mountain, and the boy, with his heavy gun and cartridge belt, puffed noisily ahead of me. The taxis carrying fellow travelers passed us about a quarter of the way up and they waved and shouted greetings.

"I wish I were with you," one of them called.

"I'll bet," I muttered, stopping to catch my breath. A little farther up the boy stopped.

"This is as far as I go," he said.

"Are you sure you can trust me from here on up?" I said.

"I will watch you," he said, and sat down on a large rock, putting the gun across his knees.

As I came over the last rise, the travelers were watching for me. "Good work," they said as if I were a marathon runner. And they reached into their suitcases and brought out chocolate and cigarettes for me.

There across the chain in the road was France. It was like getting home again. And far down the mountain, the boy still sat on the rock. He looked as though he were asleep.

BLOODY-SHIRT JOE

The story of Joseph K. Carson, who muscled his way from strikebreaking to the US Maritime Commission.

By KATHLEEN CRONIN

Portland, Ore.

PHOTOGRAPHERS with flash bulbs, Chamber of Commerce boys and Army brass were there to see him off when he boarded the train for the Senate hearing in Washington. The small town boy who couldn't pay the rent on his law office had come a long way since the days when the Tax League and the steamship companies made him mayor of Portland. He had a fine brick house with a million-dollar view now, and men like Tommy Luke and Hillman Lueddemann called him by his first name. But he was nervous and kept plucking at his bow tie as he stood on the steps of the Union Pacific's crack "City of Portland." For now, with the crowning achievement of his career—a seat on the five-member US Maritime Commission—within his grasp, the skeletons had begun to rattle in the closet of the man known to thousands of workers throughout the Northwest as "Bloody Shirt Joe."

The appointment earlier in the year of Joseph K. Carson to the Maritime post to replace liberal John Carmody had occasioned protests not only in the ex-mayor's home town but throughout the nation. The recent lockout of CIO maritime workers is a reminder that the presence of this arch scab-herder on the Maritime Commission may be a factor in future struggles in the industry. The story of "Bloody-Shirt Joe" Carson is worth recalling.

Longshoremen up and down the Coast had struck May 9, 1934, to right a variety of wrongs, including favoritism in hiring, suicidal slingloads and starvation pay. Portland was tied up tight until the shipowners imported strikebreakers and Carson, serving his first term as mayor, flung a cordon of deputies equipped with machineguns and armored trucks around isolated Terminal IV.

It was during the "Pier Park incident" that Carson earned his sobriquet of "Bloody-Shirt Joe." City police, riding a gondola being shunted into the Terminal, sent a fusillade of lead into a group of pickets, wounding four of them. Longshoremen, kneeling in the blood-spattered grass, cut the shirt from the most seriously injured picket, Elmer "Buster" Beaty. Later union secretary Matt Meehan (present chairman of the labor relations committee of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, Local 8) took the shirt to a city council meeting, thus forever writing the tragic happenings at the park into the public records.

It was an incredible story that Meehan had to tell. The trees in Pier Park, just back of the railroad embankment where Beaty was shot, were pockmarked with bullet holes. No one knew how the twenty or so children who were playing on the teeter-totters and swinging rings, and who had run down to the embankment "to hear the firecrackers go off," had escaped death. Public sentiment turned against Carson. Church women and PTA leaders got up a petition to have the chief of police, Colonel Burton K. Lawson, removed, and later a similar petition was launched against the mayor himself but was thrown out because of technicalities in procedure.

Large sections of the public, including farmers, had supported the strike from the beginning. Farmers had kept the soup kitchen going with milk and vegetables, and it was a farmer who stymied the mayor's attempts to stop picketing by leasing a piece of his pasture to the strikers for the sum of one dollar and "labor's good will."

MEN whose nostrils have known the stench of tear gas have long memories. When word got around that Lueddemann had put Bloody Joe up for the Maritime Commission, the waterfront began to sizzle. Longshore scribes toiled earnestly and long over a resolution that would do justice to their feeling of outrage. It was as eloquent a bit of rhetoric as ever came out of a union hall when it finally rolled off the office Underwood.

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Adopted at an unprecedented sunrise meeting in the hiring hall, the resolution charged Carson with "having unleashed a campaign of police brutality, intimidation and terror against union men and women unparalleled in the history of the port." It concluded by pointing out with telling effect that the appointment of Carson "to such a position in view of his bitterly antagonistic labor record would cause workers to lose confidence in the important work of the Maritime Commission and would tend generally to disrupt and disturb peaceful labor relations in the maritime industry." Two days later the resolution was endorsed by the longshore conference of the ILWU in Seattle.

CIO sailors also had something to say on the subject. For the benefit of crew members unfamiliar with the legends of the port and for three-day Johnnies who might imagine violence and bloodshed had been left behind them in the Coral Sea, documents were dragged out of dusty files showing that Carson's bluecoats, during one of the strikes, had driven pickets and sympathizers into a deep railroad pit and then used tear-gas on them. The bombs cost the city $3,000, and Carson's assistant chief of police sent a letter to the Erie Chemical Company, praising their effectiveness.

Documentary evidence was also produced showing that Carson at various times had connived with the employers in the use of labor spies and had used the Portland police department to manufacture evidence in the attempted deportation of Harry Bridges.

A check of non-union opinion revealed the significant fact that Multnomah County Democrats at their biennial organization meeting had tabled a resolution supporting Carson. John N. "Scotty" Sneddon, port agent of the Marine Cooks and Stewards, wired party chairman Hannegan: "If the county committee of Carson's party is not supporting him, who the hell is?"

The Marine Cooks had started off labor's barrage against the ex-mayor with a flock of wires to President Truman, Oregon Senators Morse and Cordon, Washington's Magnuson (Carson's sponsor in Congress), and Wallace White, chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. The wires had gone over the signature of Don Wollem, acting agent, who, as a former member of the legendary Plywood Workers, who stayed on the bricks three years rather than give up their union affiliation, has sawdust as well as salt water in his veins. According to Francis J. Murr[illegible], president of the Plywood Worker[illegible], during most of their heroic struggle "in 1937 as many as 200 policemen at a time converged on our picket lines at the Malarkey plant."

And records of the CIO International Woodworkers of America auxiliary show that when lumber workers' wives appeared before the City Council in 1937 to ask for police protection for "husbands and sons who had been shot at by employer goons" they were told by Carson that protection could not be furnished because the city was in debt. The debt was contracted when Carson spent thousands of dollars of the taxpayers' money in union-breaking activities. IWA auxiliary members, after "a member of our parent body was shot in the ear," armed themselves with rolling pins and baseball bats, determined to police the sawdust belt themselves. The "goons, however, had taken to cover, so we went home resolved we would defeat Carson in the next election," auxiliary records disclose.

During his two terms as mayor, Carson operated his bluecoats as a private gestapo for the employers. The incredible story is borne out not only by auxiliary and union records, but in the findings of the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee, which reported that members of the Portland police force, in the Oregon Worsted strike, "beat workers without cause or justification" and were "implicated in a bombing plot" to discredit the textile workers' union.

One of the most startling facts uncovered by the writer was in the form of an affidavit in the law office of the local AFL attorney, B. F. Green. The affidavit alleges that one of the near-victims of police terror under Carson was Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York. The Senator, accompanied by the late Fred Rose, a former law partner of Green's, was on his way to make an investigation of police excesses at Terminal IV when a bullet fired from a deputy's gun whizzed by his ear.

Today at Pier Park the bullet holes in the trees are grown over with bark. Riverward, the Terminal's white towers lift over the ships of many nations. The men who load and sail the ships stand guard against those who would bring back the days of bullets and blood.

portside patter

By BILL RICHARDS

News Item: American press accused of distorting news of labor and progressive movements.

A small group of CIO workers demonstrated against the Taft bill in New York yesterday. Impartial estimates by three blind police officials estimated the number of marchers at 746. The parade lasted only five hours. The group later heard P. Murray, an official in the CIO, speak against the alleged anti-labor legislation. The meeting, originally scheduled for a phone booth, was switched to Madison Square Garden. A huge crowd of 20,000 people, who thought Joe Louis was defending his title, was on hand to hear the speech.

Public opinion polls indicate that less than .05 percent of the American people support Henry Wallace. The capacity audiences on hand during his recent tour were composed of a fanatical group of followers who traveled with him from city to city. The only people who favor Wallace are a chronic bunch of complainers who are dissatisfied with the Republican handling of domestic affairs and Truman's policy toward the rest of the world.

Mail received at the White House protesting the Taft bill was the work of a handful of CIO and AFL clerks. Last Monday these people were instructed to sit down and write more than 1,000,000 letters and postcards to Truman. Officials point out that these letters invariably were written with either pen, pencil or typewriter, obviously the work of one or two organizations.

●

Anglo-American scientists hint that they have a secret weapon more "awesome" than the atomic bomb. This comes as something of a relief to those who fled the cities fearing atomic destruction.

●

Spain is holding an "election" this month. If freedom keeps making such huge bounds in Franco Spain some of the opposition may soon be allowed to vote.

●

Corporate profits after taxes reached an all-time high of $12,500,000,000 last year. All this even after paying for those expensive full page ads complaining about hard times!

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SHE WOULDN'T LET THEM DOWN

Because she helped Franco's victims Helen Bryan is one of the sixteen now on trial in Washington.

By *LILY KINGSLEY*

IF THE Un-American Activities Committee had searched far and wide they could never have found, from anyone's viewpoint, a more perfect example of 100 percent Americanism than Helen R. Bryan, Executive Secretary of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee.

Even those snobs who feel that Americanism is gauged by the number of generations one's family has lived in this country would have to give her a mark of 200. One of her forefathers, George Bryan, was believed to be the first white child to be born in Pennsylvania. His fame did not stop there—he became a member of Pennsylvania's Supreme Court and his portrait hangs with others of our nation's founders in Independence Hall, practically under the cracked bell that pealed out freedom for the new world. Throughout the generations that followed, service to the nation in law, medicine and the church has been the Bryan tradition. What could have been more natural than that Helen Bryan should feel sympathy and instinctive interest in her fellow man? One of her earliest childhood memories was coming home to repeat a cliche she had heard in school about the Jewish people. Her Presbyterian minister father took her into his study and said: "Look at me and listen to me. The greatest man who ever lived was a Jew and I don't want you ever to forget it."

The traditions that she inherited did not, as happens too often, give her a feeling of privileged superiority. On the contrary, they led her to devote herself to nurturing and furthering the ideal of freedom and democracy for all the people.

Immediately after her graduation from Wellesley in 1917 she joined the staff of the YMCA, working in Detroit, Macon and Pittsburgh. In the course of her work with these young people she began to realize that the tensions between white and Negro Americans were striking at the very foundation of Christianity and American democracy. She turned, then, toward a more active field in which to work on this problem. As part of her work with the Committee on Race Relations of the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers), she organized a yearly institute on race relations at Swarthmore College. She was a pioneer in arranging for the best known anthropologists, sociologists and economists to live with students and teachers for a month each summer where problems of culture and race tensions were put to the test of living reality.

Her twelve years of work with the Quakers won her national recognition; many active workers in the field of race relations gratefully recognize the part Helen Bryan played in guiding them at the outset of their careers.

In the late Thirties, however, along with many farseeing Americans, she realized that America's future and security were inextricably bound up with the fight against fascism at home and abroad. Unable and unwilling to compromise with principle and the dictates of a mind trained to go to the roots of things, she turned her efforts to an organization dedicated to the anti-fascist fight which has been hers ever since. In 1938, she became New York director of the American League for Peace and Democracy, and served there throughout the crucial days of the Munich betrayal and the outbreak of World War II.

It is characteristic of Helen Bryan that devotion to ideals must always be translated into devotion to the people who stand for them. The tragedy of the Spanish Republicans became the dominant preoccupation of her life, as secretary of the United American Spanish Aid Committee, and later, as secretary of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee.

From New York to Hollywood, from Chicago to New Orleans, men and women have grown to love this slender, graceful woman whose twinkling blue eyes and infectious laugh prove that the cult of democracy is not synonymous with the cult of the long face. The news that this warm, charming woman was being subjected to prosecution for her lifetime of service to humanity has struck consternation into the hearts of the many Americans she has inspired to work on behalf of the Spanish Republicans as well as among thousands of exiles who owe their lives to her and the committee. For to anti-fascists all over the world, Helen Bryan represents the spirit of true Americanism, the America that was founded and sustained under the motto of Tom Paine: "Wherever liberty is not, there is my country."

Are You An Anti-fascist?

WASHINGTON remains a city of fear and persecution; its political climate continued unchanged last week. The administration continues hell-bent on steamrolling over the rights of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee and of those who await further trials: Rev. Richard Morford, director of the National Council for American-Soviet Friendship, George Marshall, Eugene Dennis, Leon Josephson, Gerhart Eisler. Now—not tomorrow but today—is the time to write or wire Attorney General Tom Clark to dismiss the whole series of "contempt of Congress" trials, as the United Christian Council for Democracy urged 8,000 Protestant ministers.

The mind of our federal authorities was startlingly revealed when a State Department employe, called as a prosecution witness, testified that the term "anti-fascist" is equivalent to the word "Communist." He said this as proof that the refugee committee is a "Communist front." That's the picture, and we have suggested where you fit into it. Write, or wire, today.—THE EDITORS.

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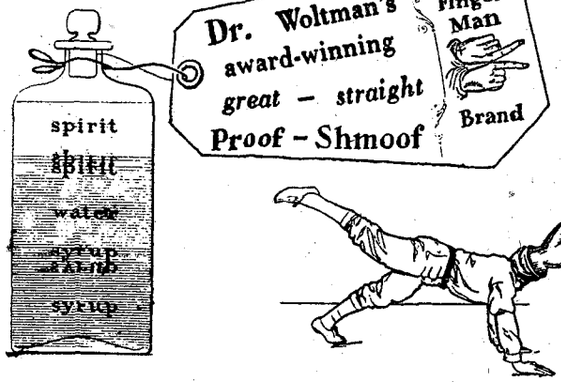
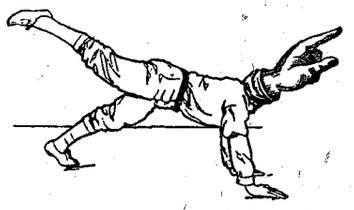
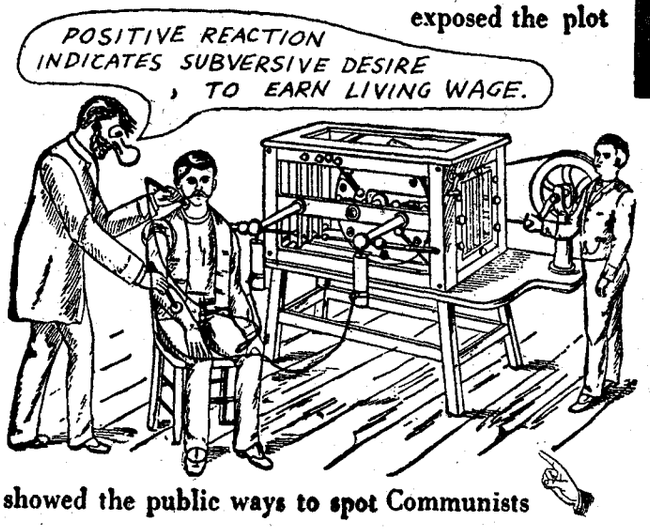
On SAFARI with HARARI



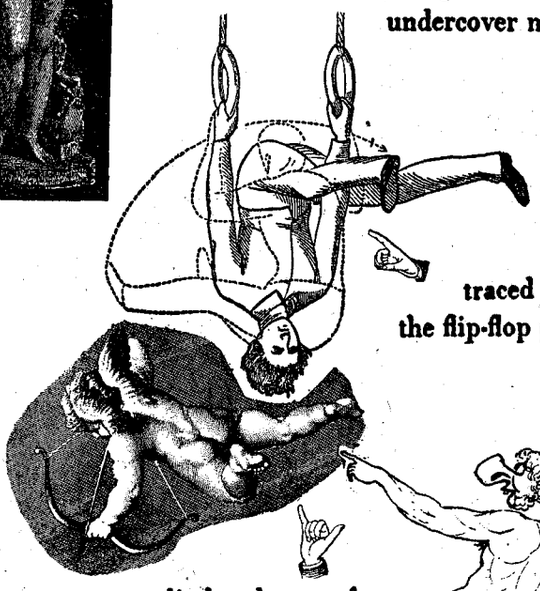


exposed the plot

brought into the open undercover methods

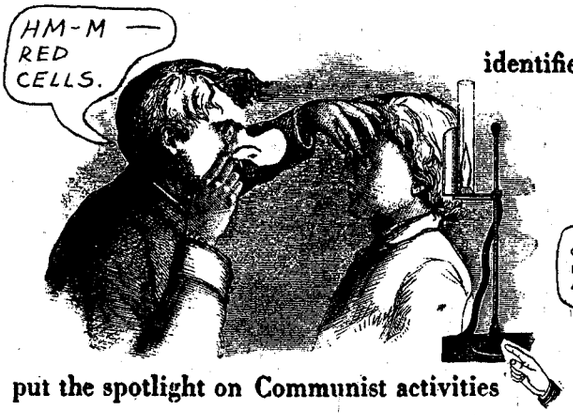


showed the public ways to spot Communists



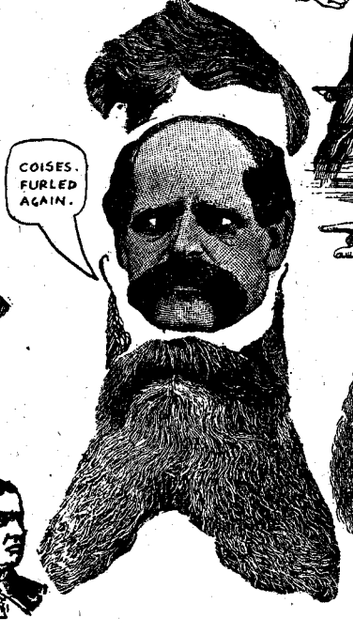
traced the flip-flop policy

disclosed use of prominent "innocents"



put the spotlight on Communist activities

identified Moscow propaganda



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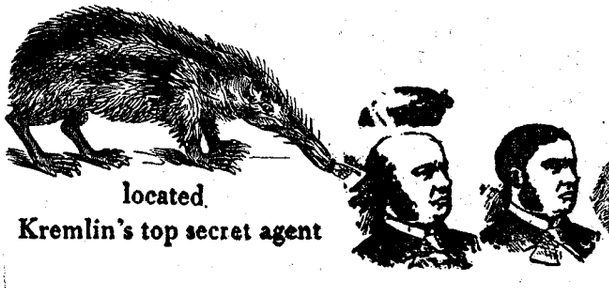
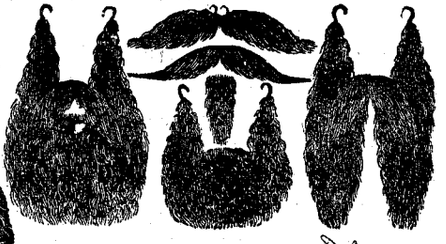


located Kremlin's top secret agent



front organizations

Harari

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NO PASSPORT FOR ART

By MILTON WYNNE

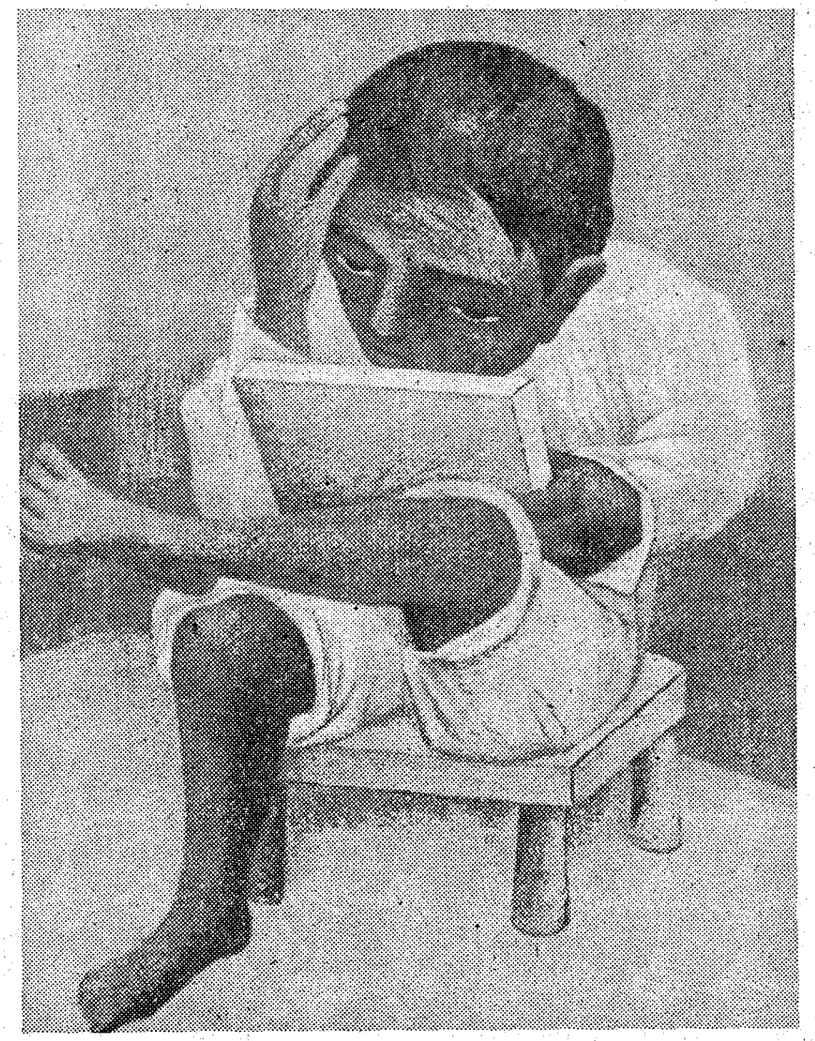
Just about the time Mexico's President Aleman started down the plush carpet spread out by Mr. Truman, another good neighbor, the painter Xavier Guerrero, had the door slammed in his face. The *vivas* on Pennsylvania Avenue bounced off the walls of our Embassy in Mexico City, where Senor Guerrero was denied a visa to this country on the grounds that his anti-fascist activities made him an "enemy" of the United States. This action, following on the heels of the recent recall by our State Department of American paintings touring Europe and South America, again reveals the revolver pointed at the head of culture by the trigger-men on Capitol Hill and the cut-throats in Wall Street. Thus the Truman Doctrine cancels the Good Neighbor policy and bars culture at the customhouse.

Xavier Guerrero shares in the development of the Mexican tradition equally with such artists as Orozco, Rivera and Siqueros. In fact, it is on the basis of his early fresco work and experiments in Mexico City that the revival of this technique was realized. The first union of painters and sculptors was founded by Guerrero, thus laying the groundwork for the revolutionary activities carried on by this section of the Mexican proletarian intellectuals. He was the first director and founder of *El Machete*, a paper that grew into one of the most important cultural-political organs of our time.

Guerrero, realizing the necessity of working with the people, devoted much of his time to organizing Mexican peasants' and workers' movements. For a number of years he travelled extensively through his own country, as well as Europe and Asia, doing little painting but much organizing. On his return to Mexico in 1940 he began work again, completing such frescos as the series for the Chauffeurs' Union of Guadalajara. The murals were paid for through subscription by the chauffeurs themselves. He was commissioned by the Mexican government, as was Siqueros, to do a series of murals for the earthquake-ravaged city of Chillan, Chile. While there, he decorated the clubhouse of the workers of the Hippodrome, the famous Santiago racetrack. In 1941 he was invited by the Museum of Modern Art to visit this country as the museum's guest. During his stay here he painted a series of portable frescos for the museum, and won a prize in its inter-American competition.

In 1946 he again came to the United States to complete arrangements with the Knoedler Gallery in New York for a giant exhibition of easel paintings and drawings and for a demonstration of his fresco technique. Almost one year later to the day he was barred from entering this country to attend his show.

Since it was necessary for him to be present in the gallery to finish his frescos and demonstrate his technique, much of the work that was to be shown had to be eliminated.



Knoedler Galleries.

"Struggle," oil by Xavier Guerrero.

It seems hardly coincidental that though in 1946 Guerrero was not considered an "enemy," in 1947, the year of the Truman Doctrine, he is considered one. It seems hardly coincidental that while our administration talks of "inter-American" armaments, it snipes at inter-American cultural relations. While we rattle sabers and brandish atom bombs, paintings are knifed and the Good Neighbor policy blitzed. Kirsten Flagstad is allowed in, but Guerrero is kept out. These actions should make it increasingly clear to intellectuals and cultural workers in the United States that the doctrine which advances the borders of American imperialism to Turkey and Greece also smears the canvas and chisels into the marble.

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JOHN HENRY

They hung John Henry
From the highest tree,
From the highest tree.
We cut him down, John Henry say:
"Man could hardly breathe that way."

Then they buried John Henry
Six foot down,
Six foot down.
We dig him out, John Henry say:
"Man could hardly move that way."

Then they throwed him in the river
Tied roun' a rock,
Tied roun' a rock.
We fetch him out, John Henry say:
"Man could hardly swim that way."

Then they shot John Henry
In the back twelve times,
In the back twelve times.
The smoke died down, John Henry say:
"My clothes ain't gonna last that way."

Then they hung John Henry 'bout a
hundred times:
We cut him down he walked away.
Then they hung John Henry 'bout a
hundred times:
We cut him down he walked away.

IRVING SEGALL.

THE VASE

For all its elegance, the vase is useless:
Rotund or slender, upon a rosewood base,
Or behind velour curtains like a sacred
Bird, soulful shape of the eye's training
It stands, symbol of gloom and conscience,
Its proud neck the complement of windows,
A shaft of yellow light, a guest's wink,
The restful sonata and the curator's touch.

But it is not the shape or gifted shell
That marks it for a fevered eminence,
It is the price, the price, and after that
Its ghostly origin and genius is recalled:
The vase then says, "I am the gift of years
Whose Assyrian daughters dipped me in a boat;
My brim held fish, sun, and nectar bright."
But then the collector bids, and it is sold.

Useless, I say; industrial demons rear
Their brassy heads in each provincial store,
Profane the necklace and the common toy
Where children play with caves and do not see;
And in their houses mount the wild elk,
Endow the occult because of its prestige;
And I will ask them why, and they will nod,
"We are the living, and this the way of God."

ALLAN BLOCK.

A MARRIED COUPLE IN THE PARK

Marriage has given them a summer indolence;
See how they stroll, a memory of satiate bliss
And soft and easy sleep on their familiar limbs,
A yielding bondage obvious in word and glance
And time for them suspended like a silent clock;
    And when they stand and talk with one another
    It is with the companiable nudging
Of two trees rolling in slow wind at summer noon.

RALPH KNIGHT.

AN OLD SONG

Still unconcernedly the girls
Twist paper-curlers in their hair
    Seeking the error
    In a cracked mirror
And gravely question how and where
To cast and keep their fragile pearls.

And still oblivious the boys
Chart the bulge of growing arms
    Looking for honor
    In a torn banner
And con the swift and secret charms
For winning gold from base alloys.

And still in silent ease the sun
Regards his lovely satellites
    In radiant cluster
    Circling their master
And deals them alternate days and nights
Rebuking nothing, praising none.

ROBERT BRITTAIN.

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HOLLYWOOD LETTER

by N. A. Daniels

Hollywood.

You may have read in your papers some of the remarks that Eric Johnston, president of the Association of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors, addressed to an open board-meeting of the Screen Writers Guild on June 3. There are several angles to this story that were not stressed.

For one thing, the evening was half over before it was announced that Mr. Johnston's remarks were off-the-record and that he was speaking as an individual. This was a distinct disappointment to the writers, who were less interested in Johnston's personal opinions than they were in what he might have to say as head of the producers' association. For the AMPPA has been party to the endless smear of the SWG as an organization captured by Moscow and acting under the direction of "the fourteen men who sit in the Kremlin and pull the strings," as Mr. Johnston so cleverly put it.

For that matter Johnston himself must have been disappointed by the size of his audience (150 of the 1,400 SWG members) and the reception he received. At no time during the long evening did he have his audience with him, with the exception of a few boys from the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, who anticipated every musty anti-Communist gibe and drowned their hero out. (For important meetings the SWG has frequently had as many as 700 in attendance.)

And the Red-baiting was all that made the papers, thirty-six hours after it was announced that Eric the Red-hunter was speaking both as an individual and off-the-record. Apparently Eric changed his mind and decided that what he had had to say was so interesting he would give the benighted a chance to read about it. It won't be necessary to repeat it here, for it was a liberal compendium of everything that has been said about Communists and Communism by Dies, Rankin, Hitler, Tenny and J. Parnell Thomas.

A number of pertinent questions were asked Mr. Johnston during the course of the evening. These questions and the answers he gave were not reported to the press—for ample and sufficient reasons. *Question*: What about the lockout of several thousand progressive unionists which has been going on for nine months? Why has the AMPPD absolutely refused to sit down and bargain with these workers? *Answer*: Sorry, there isn't a thing we can do about it. It's a jurisdictional dispute. We'd *love* to have these people back at work, but until Bill Hutcheson of the Carpenters changes his mind, there's not a single thing that we can do.

Question: The Production Code makes it impossible for us to make pictures of quality, such as the British are making. American pictures lack realism to the Europeans. *Answer*: You're absolutely wrong! Every British picture has passed our Production Code Office (*sic*).

Question: It is very flattering to be characterized as the most important group in the industry, but what does the producers' association feel about the fact that over seventy-five percent of our membership is unemployed? *Answer*: I'm sure (flashing his every-minute-on-the-minute smile)—I'm sure the producers are very much concerned about it.

At this point one prominent writer who characterized himself as having been associated with the Left took up, point by point, all the statements Johnston had made about the Left, and every evasion he had made of pointed and important questions. In a forceful speech he stated that the SWG was much concerned about its veteran-writers, whose failure to win reemployment in the industry Johnston himself had earlier characterized as "a matter of outrage." Most were still unemployed. We are concerned about the lockout, he went on, and you say it is a jurisdictional strike and is insoluble. We are concerned about the American Authors' Authority and your Association has smeared it as a Moscow plot. We are concerned about increasing unemployment of our writers and the producers are guaranteeing further unemployment by reissuing old pictures and remaking others. Does the industry have *any* responsibility to its writers and other workers? You have characterized the Left as phonies instead of arguing the case on its merits. Why the smear? Why is the Left subversive?

Johnston's only reply to this was an additional orgy of Red-baiting. The MPA boys applauded wildly. The rest of the audience sat on its hands. Johnston went on to say that he had "employed" James F. Byrnes to see to it that Hollywood got "a fair trial" in the eyes of the public and the Un-American Committee. He disapproved of smearing people. He wants names, facts. He dislikes Rankin. He did not approve of the Taft-Hartley bill "in its present form." (No clarification.) *Question*: Did he think it realistic to expect Hollywood to get a fair trial from the Un-American Committee as presently constituted? *Answer*: I will try to get a fair investigation. I will welcome the cooperation of the SWG.

This Johnston is a pretty cold fish. Despite the automatic smile (that ran on the bias across his face from left to right) the writers got the feeling from him that he was no friend of theirs. He is a Very Important Person who is accustomed to speaking on terms of perfect "equality" with such notables as Roosevelt, Truman, Stalin, Churchill and even Jimmie Byrnes. It is rumored here that far from his having hired Byrnes, it was the industry that hired Byrnes precisely because Johnston has not been doing such a hot job of representing the boys in Washington, and therefore needs someone to bail him out. However that may be, he still speaks for the producers on or off the record—and he knows what they want and is out to see that they get it. That is: weak or defunct unions, wage-cuts, thought-control, intimidation of anyone who gets out of line. The writers alone may not have the answer to Mr. Johnston, but the public certainly has.

For by his own admission the producers are worried to death by dropping box-office receipts and foreign competition: "They do not like our pictures abroad," he said. But what is the producers' answer? Reissues, remakes and the hog-tying of anyone who might have an idea that would be good enough to make a better picture. Mr. James K. McGuinness, an executive producer at MGM, was more explicit in a recent talk at the Yale Club when he said that the "Reds" in Hollywood don't want actors "jumping up and shouting 'Hooray for Stalin!' on the screen. It is the constant portrayal of comic politicians, bankers who are Scrooges and dishonest judges that becomes dangerous."

You get the idea.

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review and comment

POET AND PAMPHLETEER

"For Partisans and Jews and Puerto Ricans. . . ." Corwin's words go easy into the human language.

By MILLARD LAMPELL

UNTITLED AND OTHER RADIO DRAMAS, *by Norman Corwin. Holt.* $3.

HERE are two fragments of a radio play called "Untitled." The first, describing a GI in the line:

> *"Among the heavy drums he sat and played the bazooka, played the sweet bazooka, played it sweet and low and ducked his head from time to time as chords crashed all about him—"*

And the second, that same dead GI's attitude toward postwar conferences and treaties:

> *"I shall listen for a phrase obliging little peoples of the earth:*
> *For Partisans and Jews and Puerto Ricans,*
> *Chinese farmers, miners of tin ore beneath Bolivia;*
> *I shall listen how the words go easy into Russian*
> *And the idiom's translated to the tongue of Spain."*

And one more section—from a script called "Savage Encounter," in which a Navy pilot is wrecked on a lost island where the natives speak a mish-mash derived from Shakespeare and Chaucer (an idea, incidentally, once kicked around by Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World*):

PILOT: Who is it? Who is there?
ARA: It is I, Ara.
PILOT: Ara—my love. Ara, Ara, I'm so glad—(*Down.*)
I leaped from my bed and seized her in my arms.
ARA: O my alderliefest! I am forbod to see you, but I have stolen the way here to tell you of the danger.
PILOT: What danger?
ARA: They have markt you out a savage.
PILOT: I a savage?
ARA: Yes. They say you come of ugsome people and societies forwasted by greed and savage instincts.
PILOT: But, Ara, how can they—
ARA: I must go quickly, else I am found out. O my life, my soote, my love, be you of caution for your life.

These passages—Corwin at his best and Corwin at his most embarrassing—are from two of seventeen scripts in his new collection, *Untitled and Other Radio Dramas*. The book contains clear evidence of the bewildering, important, infuriating and exciting elements of the radio medium.

Here is proof that Corwin at his best has succeeded in developing (along with Rosten, MacLeish, Benet, Wishengrad and others) a special poetic form, rooted in the rhythms of speech and the imagery of contemporary life—a *radio* form. Here, also, is evidence of Corwin's belief in the dignity of man and the right to freedom of all peoples, his insight into the corruption of capitalism and its corporation heads, its publishers, its white-gloved diplomats.

The scripts vary greatly. There is a mystery ("The Moat Farm Murder,") a love story ("El Capitain and The Corporal,") several fantasy-comedies ("The Undecided Molecule," "You Can Dream, Inc.,") and a number of political documentaries in which Corwin displays the style which has proved so hypnotic to young radio writers, and so inviting of parody by the bright young Yale boys on *Time*.

It is in the documentaries, which usually involve the use of a free-wheeling, poetic narration, that Corwin flourishes. A script like "Untitled" reveals a sensitive respect for people coupled with a political broadside that might well be the Twentieth Century form of Paine's pamphleteering.

It is in dialogue and character that Corwin most often flounders. His writing rarely has the complexity, the contradictions, the incongruous and revealing detail that is in people and the language they speak. Partly this is due to the rigid time limitations of American radio, and to the difficulties of working in a one-dimension theater. Partly it is due to the rapid fame and the exhausting schedule which have conspired to take Corwin off the streets and out of the lives of those he writes about. Partly it is due to the complete lack of competent criticism. Whatever the reasons, there is something important missing from Corwin's writing. It is most sharply revealed by his pet phrase, "the little people." Perhaps they look little from the fourteenth floor of CBS. But sit among them in a union hall, work with them in a shop, live next to them in a tenement—and they grow incredibly in stature. They become complicated individuals, with names, with strength, with juice and blood and bone. Big people. Many of them heroes.

Much of the excellence of Corwin's writing, as well as the flaws, derives from radio itself. Corwin is well aware of this; here and there in his notes he reveals his exasperation with the shortcomings of the medium: the speed with which scripts must be ground out to meet a deadline; the language which must be attuned solely to the ear and which whips past the listener and off into oblivion literally with the speed of sound; the censorship and taboos of an industry controlled by steel corporations and soap companies, where time

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is parcelled out in neat, marketable packages, like Jello, where the feudal practice of demanding that an author sign away all subsidiary rights still exists.

But radio reaches millions; it is a medium designed for poets and pamphleteers; it is a flexible and challenging dramatic form. And experience has proved that with enough directed pressure the people of America can win back some part of the air they own, can force the networks to present mature, creative, honest scripts, can insist that radio make room for more Corwins. They are around, waiting.

THE MIDNIGHT CRIME

THE HOURGLASS, *by David Alman. Simon & Schuster.* $2.75.

IT IS not only the slave or oppressed people who are degraded by their servitude. The oppressors too, deliberate or acquiescent, cannot escape the soul-corroding consequences of an existence built upon another's chains.

In *The Hourglass,* a sensitive and probing first novel, David Alman tells the story of an election-night rape of a young Negro wife by three white men on a country road in Alabama. Readers will remember the actual incident in the case of Mrs. Recy Taylor. But this novel is no mere fictionalized rehash; it is a work whose protaganists have both validity and artistic substance.

The author takes us behind the generalization of the lynch mob, beyond the brutal, sadistic, Negro-hater. He presents three men warped in the iron pattern of white supremacy: Brian Keller, struggling young lawyer who is capable of devoted, enduring love for his Northern college-educated sweetheart, Lottie Gregg; Silas Plum, sensitive, worried middle-aged storekeeper; and Jim, sixteen-year-old eager to prove his manhood. This is the trio whose casual, unpremeditated rape of Mary Jefferson violently propels to the surface the antagonism between white Abbott and Old Abbott, the Negro community.

Alman's portrayal of the rapists is neither a one-dimensional indictment nor a devious whitewash predicated on their sharing human failings, joys and virtues common to us all. Human and understandable they are, but the author is not sparing in his portrayal of the trio as they sink deeper into the abyss opened by their midnight crime and widened by their efforts to drown the Negroes' cry for justice. For, amazing as it is to Silas and his fellows, the outraged Negro wife and her husband demand redress in court, and win help from white progressive Southerners and Northern groups. Bribery efforts, threats, even the deliberate burning of the Jeffersons' home fail. The Negroes have their day in court.

If that fact seems an empty triumph to those who have had little time to forget the Greenville, S. C., acquittal of self-avowed lynchers, it nonetheless in no way alters the meaning and logic of Alman's novel. For his is no glib and easy triumph over evil. His rapists are shown helpless to escape the inward, no less than the objective consequences of their deed unless they struggle against the way of life which led them to the deed. One of three moves in slow and painful fashion to plead guilty in a trial which was intended to absolve and glorify the defendants, but even his realistically-charted development is still at the novel's conclusion a first, significant departure from the white Southern code, not an all-encompassing rupture.

There are minor flaws in *The Hourglass.* The storekeeper's terror of Negro reprisals seems exaggeratedly drawn. The meandering dialogues between Lottie and lawyer Keller appear over-extended. But over and above all, this novel of the South in microcosm is a fine achievement.

ROBERT FRIEDMAN.

Minus the Epics

YANK—THE GI STORY OF THE WAR. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* $5.

ONE of the singular virtues of our participation in the war was the fact that its history was written by enlisted men. This was quite a switch on the tradition of Caesar's *Commentaries, Battles and Leaders of the Civil War,* and the romantic trumpery of the Richard Harding Davis school. During the war the best-selling war reports were those of civilians, who filled up a notebook in some rear area and gave the public the epics. One of the one-man epic factories got so good he could write them in two weeks. His war experience consisted of a nerve-wracking series of flights to various supreme headquarters around the globe, sniffing for his next epic. He got so he would spend only a day in a spot before he knew whether there was an epic in it for him.

In the meantime the non-epical coverage was being made by soldiers. Very little of this wry, unglamorous stuff got into books. The wartime publisher wanted comedy from the troops, and the most successful books by soldier-writers were hilarious rewrites of the Peewee Harris and Roy Blakely books. The publishers wanted the troops to be brave and funny and lovable withal.

Now comes a collection of what the combat correspondents were writing for *Yank,* in which neither the epic hero or the funny rookie is to be found. These stories and pictures look like war; the reality of it begins on the dust-cover with Sgt. Pat Coffey's true photograph of battle fatigue in an aid station on the Siegfried Line. Our people get killed in this book. They are afraid: I never met a combat soldier or flier in three years in Europe who did not readily and sometimes loudly admit his fear, although I did not meet George S. Patton, Jr. In this book nobody says things like "There are no atheists in foxholes," and other mottoes thought up by public relations writers. Perhaps the general fact about war is fear, fatigue, boredom, disease, worry and the insolence of office, as much as it is death and enterprise in battle.

The *Yank* reporters did not merely write morose sketches; they were excited by heroism when they saw it at Tarawa, on the sinking *Liscome Bay,* and when it came out in a man like Capt. Herman Bottcher or Pvt. Henry Nakamora of the Nisei 100th Infantry Battalion.

The book is chronological and does not attempt to give a considered selection of the best work in *Yank.* The reports are chosen for appropriateness to the main episodes of the world war. The continuity is supplied by neat digests on the part of the editors, Sgts. Debs Myers, Jonathan Kilbourn and Richard Harrity, and by a brilliant narrative of the war in Europe by Sgt. Ralph Martin, which has been published in full only in the European editions of *Yank.* Thus the editors could not use some of the finest single combat reports, such as Sgt. Saul Levitt's

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story, "The Furrow," describing his wild chase after the spearhead of the Fourth Armored plunging into Germany.

But here are the true writings of the war by Sgts. Mack Morris; Ed Cunningham; the Ranger, Justin Gray; and by Yeoman Robert L. Schwartz and Coast Guardsman Evan Wylie, to list only a few of the dozens of *Yank* correspondents. They present exactly the reality of war which the salesmen of another war would like to suppress. It is the war which in varying degrees was the experience of 14,216,097 Americans, less a few thousand Pentagon Clausewitzes and elderly retreads and cranks who are talking up a new war and not forgetting to keep their reserve commissions.

Duell, Sloan hired a very good designer to organize the book, Nelson Gruppo. The selection of photographs and drawings is the best of any war book I have seen and Gruppo lets them hit the reader with their full meaning. *The GI Story of the War* is a clear, handsome book technically.

Most of it is sharp combat reporting, but the editors have not forgotten the political sense of the war. It may send John O'Donnell off on a tantrum but here is a moving story on the death of the Commander-in-Chief as it seemed to his soldiers. Here also is Benito Mussolini's last hour of vainglory. Sgt. Dan Polier interviewed the Partisan guards who talked to the Duce throughout his last night. Sgt. DeWitt Gilpin reports the Potsdam Conference and the surrender at Rheims as he heard of them from the Military Police details who guarded the compounds.

The inflated costs of publishing put a $5 price on the book and the royalties go to the War Department. Isn't the War Department rich enough to lay off royalties? If the authors couldn't be paid the saving should have gone to the reader, because this is a corrective book on war by the men who knew it best. You should buy it.

JAMES FAULKENDER.

Cross-Grained Yankee

THE PORTABLE THOREAU, *edited by Carl Bode. Viking.* $2.

THIS portable edition of Henry Thoreau contains all of *Walden*, selections from a *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* and others of his travel books, and rakings from his journals, poems, letters. Included are his "Life Without Principles" and the famous "Civil Disobedience," written after he had spent a day in the jug for refusing to pay his poll-tax. These two pieces have been puffed up deliberately to show that Thoreau cannot give "comfort to the adherents of Marx," to prove that he belongs on the other side of the fence among the passive resisters, the Tolstoyans, the Fabian Socialists. For my part I can do very well without these essays; perhaps this is a reaction against my youth when I was saturated with the mysticism of the Bhagavad Gita, the fool in Christ, and dreamed of the hut in the wood.

This anthology could have presented a better balanced picture of Thoreau had some of the insufferable moralizing of Walden been thrown out and more pieces substituted like the one about the Cape Cod oysterman and his discourse on wild apples. It is a serious lack that his penetrating letter on Walt Whitman was not included. His lectures which show the thunder and lightning of the approaching Civil War should play an important part in a portable collection of his work. I have reference particularly to "The Plea," where he spoke up so nobly and courageously for John Brown and where we see a Thoreau who is a believer in direct action, a man standing at the opposite pole from the Mahatma Gandhis of the world.

Thoreau is one of the most knotted-up and fascinating figures in American literature. Possessing a truly imaginative mind, he had an iron sense of fact, so that out of this cross-grained stump of a Yankee the homeliest and tenderest of shoots grew side by side. Stiff as a poker, there was plenty of fire in him. Lonely as a moose with a big nose sensitive to human smells, he reveals in his journals a yearning for love and comradeship and insights about people which are often remarkable. His work can be windy, boring, pitted and stony with endless quotations, but the best of him shows him to be a master of a prose as native and as rich as the pasture-rose and the great, wild, bronzed turkey. He can be perverse, sour, tight, anarchistic and contemptuous of the people, and yet he is aware that the "mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," and his compassion breaks out. When you get at the heart and meat of this rebel, you find him standing on much of the ground which Walt Whitman holds. He too is "brave and American," definitely in the

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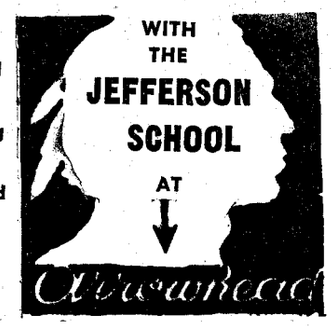

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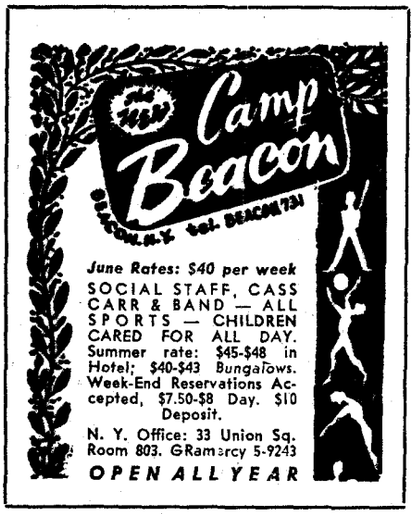
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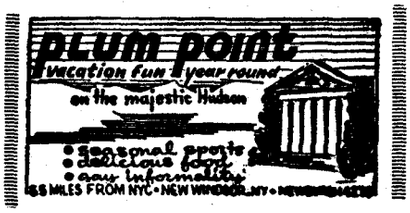
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BEN FIELD.

War Novel

THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS, *by Robert McLaughlin. Knopf. $3.*

IT IS easy to forget the history even of the past few years, and one of the tasks of the novelist is to keep us from forgetting. *The Side of the Angels* reminds us of the nobility and self-sacrifice with which so much of our youth entered upon the war against the Axis. It also recalls some ignoble aspects of World War II: the corporation ads exploiting the soldier—"We don't get time-and-a-half in the foxholes"—while covering up the rapacity with which these corporations were filling their treasuries and even milking the government to pay for their anti-labor propaganda; the unnecessary military losses and disasters, due to the same kind of selfish plotting carried out within Army strategy itself.

The battle scenes in this novel are not many, but read convincingly. Equally exciting is the conflict of ideas, brought out mainly in the persons of two brothers. One, the older, is an advertising and publicity expert who allies himself with the utmost cynicism to the forces making for a fascist America, and plotting the next war even while this one is hardly under way. He is given a confidential job with the OSS, spreading democratic propaganda behind the Axis lines. The younger, a magazine writer, a New Dealer trying to discover the reality and future of democracy, is in the infantry and fights in the Italian campaign. The two brothers meet in New York, while the younger is on a preembarkation furlough. They meet again in what becomes the climactic scene of the book, the disastrous German raid on the port of Bari. Anyone who has been in the Army can confirm the truth of McLaughlin's picture: the cynicism behind the lines which put so unnecessarily heavy a burden upon the few at the front; the temper of mind that led to waste of lives, from black market dealings with the enemy all the way up to strategic decisions based on narrow political maneuvers. Such tragic losses came directly out of the Army's denial of what could have been a great course of strength, the fact that it was fighting a democratic and people's war. The book ends with a statement of the struggles that lie ahead for a peaceful and democratic world, which every day's headlines are confirming.

Its truth gives the novel its power. It is not quite top-notch. McLaughlin introduces a flock of people, from every nationality and walk of life, who made up the man-power of the Army, and who make up the flesh and blood of American democracy. He sees them, however, only with a journalistic accuracy, and doesn't understand them sufficiently as people. Like his hero, he feels aloof from them, with the result that a slickness of style and vagueness of thought soften the book's impact. One can trace in the varied quality of his writing the experiences which he has thought out deeply and those with which he has insufficiently grappled. *The Side of the Angels* is a fine novel, however, exciting to read and important in the sincerity, courage and brain power which it brings to American literature.

S. FINKELSTEIN.

Year of the Giants

THE YEAR OF STALINGRAD, *by Alexander Werth. Knopf. $6.*

IT IS not easy to characterize this book. You get the impression of reading almost unedited notebooks, covering the period from May 1942 to the end of February 1943. Described by the dust-jacket as "an eyewitness' intimate and detailed chronicle of the months of strain from which the USSR emerged as the military and political giant of today," the volume is apparently Book III in what will be a four-part similarly detailed chronicle of the whole war period.

The author's *Moscow War Diary* (1942) and *Leningrad* (1944) nad much the same character and Mr. Werth says the present tome "will, in due course, be followed by another dealing with the years in which the Germans were finally driven out of the Soviet Union."

Russian-born, a bilinguist, Mr. Werth's notes, taken during four

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years in wartime Russia as a correspondent for various British newspapers, are a welcome relief from the quick generalizations we have come to expect from many newspapermen. The thesis of *The Year of Stalingrad* is that Russia was wholly absorbed in a "war of survival" until the end of the Battle of Stalingrad. That great victory opened the way to a war of liberation —the subject of his next volume—and simultaneously brought the Soviet Union forward as "a mighty factor in world politics." Werth recreates a Russia bending every nerve and muscle to survival, thinking of the outside world only in terms of its impatience for the second front.

The author is not trying to prove anything and perhaps he doesn't prove anything. But in these times of the Truman Doctrine and the anti-Soviet hysteria on which it floats, a true book about Stalingrad suggests a great deal. There are so many facts here that, without deliberate arrangement, they do not make for easy reading. But they do add up to the certainty that this is what the mass of Russians thought and did and this is what they were like as late as February 1943. The Russians Werth photographs are not at all like the Russians the bipartisans behind the Truman Doctrine are now describing to us. They never were.

GEORGE MARION.

No Funeral

IG FARBEN, *by Richard Sasuly. Boni & Gaer.* $3.

"TO BUILD a sound peace, we must be relentless in identifying and exposing the things that make for war," writes Senator Claude Pepper in his preface to Richard Sasuly's *IG Farben.* "It is the merit of this book that it contributes to the necessary insight as regards the causes of the Second World War." The author, who took part in the American investigation of IG Farben at the end of the war, has done this by showing the direct connection between monopoly and fascism, and between imperialism and war.

In a treatment as suspenseful as a movie thriller, Mr. Sasuly unravels the machinations of the IG Farben empire and then ties up each end with the economic and political development of Germany. Exposing the drive of IG and the other German cartels towards fascism and their preparations for war, the cordial relationship between IG and the Social Democratic Weimar Republic, and IG's international cartel struggles and agreements, the author provides some glimpses into the dynamics and methods of monopoly capitalism. That fascism pays dividends to big business is evidenced by the fact that the gross profits of IG for 1943 were sixteen times greater than those in 1932.

Mr. Sasuly devotes three chapters to the American connections of IG Farben. The support given by Standard Oil of New Jersey to IG's chemical monopoly all over the world, including the United States, the working friendship of IG with the Ford Company, the cooperation between IG and Allied Chemical and Dye, the joint corporation formed by IG and Alcoa, known as the Magnesium Development Company, and numerous other cases are cited. These were more than merely business connections established for mutual profit. IG never failed to infiltrate into a position enabling it to restrict the production of materials that became vital to American defense. These cartel links were temporarily suspended by the war but now there is evidence that American monopolists are reestablishing relations with IG Farben.

IG contributed toward and became a major weapon in two world wars. It was the main prop of the Nazi state. It would therefore be expected that two years after the collapse of Germany this monster had been slain, dissected and cremated in accordance with the Yalta and Potsdam agreements and the orders of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. This, Mr. Sasuly discloses, has not been done. American businessmen in Army uniform, who were charged with carrying out these orders, asked: "How can you expect us to punish the Germans for things we would have done in their places?" As a result, IG is producing again—not mustard gas, of course, but antifreeze, which requires just one added operation to be converted into mustard gas.

There are one or two points in Mr. Sasuly's book which are perhaps debatable—his negative stand on reparations out of current production, for example. But this does not detract from its value as a chart of the road to war and as an aid in identifying the enemies of the people. The book is rounded out by three appendices giving facts about

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cartels, a number of documents governing the occupation of Germany, and selected exhibits from the Kilgore Committee Report on IG Farben, as well as a list of references and an index —all adding to the value of this highly useful work.

CHARLES WISLEY.

O'Casey's Wallpaper

OAK LEAVES AND LAVENDER, *by Sean O'Casey. MacMillan.* $2.50.

SEAN O'CASEY has subtitled this latest play "A Warld On Wallpaper." It is a rich, beautiful, homely "warld" he has woven, a typical Sean O'Casey tapestry whose characters are the folk of a small English farming community revealed during the crisis just after Dunkirk.

Nevertheless it *is* a "warld on wallpaper," an illustration rather than a drama. The drama lies offstage in the Nazi death creeping up the coast, as this community makes ready to fight for life against it. The conflict, in short, is always offstage. The life, love, hope and fearful work of the people, true, pass before your eyes, but when a number of the characters finally do battle with the Nazi death and are conquered, you have not seen the conflict.

There's an old wives' tale that whenever death is near, the scent of lavender spreads over a house and shadows of men in knee-breeches and wigs and women in "out-fanning skirts" dance silently. In a prelude to this play dainty ghosts of eighteenth-century Englishmen and women dance the minuet while a little girl hawks lavender under the great window of the Manorial House.

The two very earthy people in the opening scene of Act I have a dim sense of their presence, enough so that Monica, the Land Girl, recalls the legend and Feelim O'Morrigun, butler to Dame Heatherleigh, owner of the house, is made increasingly nervous by the tale as he puts up the blackout curtain. The German shells are landing less than twenty miles away as outside the Home Guard drills and the Land Girls garner the summer crops.

Feelim is truly a king among O'Casey characters. He is moral, virtuous and proper until he is plagued or moved and then he is utterly human and lovable. He has the poor Irishman's awe and love of learning and a justifiable pride in that which he has acquired. In fact the best scenes of this play are the battles of opinion between the various country people richly expressed in their dialects. O'Casey has cleverly created them at the most diverse levels of understanding and intellectual development from Drishoglue, Feelim's son, a flyer for the English Army and a Communist, to Dame Heatherleigh herself, patriotic owner of the Manorial House, fanatic believer in the Lost Tribes of Israel. She is O'Casey's gentle symbol of the old order passing. Her son Edgar, also a flyer, believes in nothing.

But rich as all these varied characters are in the O'Casey tapestry, they do not involve you emotionally with their problems. There are too many of them. You are not passionately identified with anyone. When the end of the play finds Drishogue, Edgar and the Land Girl, Jennie, dead in a bombing and, symbolically, the Manor House now part of a factory making tanks for the Russian Army, you have been interested, sometimes highly entertained but always removed from these people.

The symbolism of the dead dancers, the "lavender" of death, seems to me superfluous embroidery. The genuine life of the play lies in the homely scenes of the people as they argue, drill, make love. O'Casey is such a true artist that his people live in all their complex reactions, drama or no drama. He is also a poet and his people are poets in moments of emotion. And because he is a Marxist, even in the midst of death at the play's end there is a sense of the eventual triumph of the people's cause, for these are the working people, the inheritors of history.

In spite of the static pattern that makes *Oak Leaves And Lavender* disappointing as drama, you'll want to read this play, for Feelim O'Morrigun, at least, is one of O'Casey's most endearing characters.

VIRGINIA STEVENS.

Categories

THE SHAPERS OF AMERICAN FICTION, *by George Snell. Dutton.* $3.75.

IF YOU are willing to accept George Snell's basic premise that writing is the result of what has been written, *The Shapers of American Fiction* is a valid and highly readable survey of a 150 years of American writing. Mr. Snell has obviously been conscientious about the chore he set for himself. He has pushed through Fenimore Cooper's thirty-three interminable novels, read

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Brockden Brown, Melville and Henry James when they were readable and when they were not, and has wandered down some pretty dull bypaths in order to turn up his twenty-four principal "shapers" and numerous minor ones. He has written his book with appetite and without pretension; reading it is pleasant and not too arduous mental exercise, rather like playing an intellectual game with people slightly better informed than oneself.

However, if you believe that writing is far more dependent on environment than on heredity, that it is born of society's impact on the individual with literary tradition as a secondary force, you will find that the volume is superficial and that Mr. Snell has said nothing basic about American letters. He does not concern himself with the conditions that produced the authors and works he describes. He deals with temperaments, "schools," style, "chief lines of inheritance." It is all very safe and academic.

Mr. Snell departs slightly from the orthodox in his manner of classifying the trends in American fiction. He has labelled his categories the Romantics, the Apocalyptics, the Temperamentists, and the Realists, and this, I suppose, is no more absurd than most arbitrary classifications.

Of the Romantic School Fenimore Cooper is the papa and his progeny include mainly the modern historical novelists. Mr. Snell's Apocalyptics are Brockden Brown, Poe, Melville, Ambrose Bierce, Lafcadio Hearn and Faulkner. Irving, Hawthorne, Henry James, Edith Wharton, William Cather, Hemingway, Wolfe and Steinbeck are Temperamentists; the principal Realists are Dean Howells, Twain, Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, Dreiser, Dos Passos, Caldwell, Vardis Fisher and James Farrell. Well, lists are fun to make, but obvious hazard in such a system is the temptation to remold the facts nearer to the heart's desire. Pigeonholing Melville's gigantic dispair and preoccupation with man's fate with the gothic absurdities of Brockden Brown's *Wieland* is valid to the same extent as saying that *Crime and Punishment* and *Rebecca* are both psychological novels. And to say that the above-mentioned "Temperamentists" write out of a special, private way of looking at things and other writers do not is, I think, highly questionable and rather impertinent.

By and large Mr. Snell's evaluation of specific writers is as fair as an evaluation of any man divorced from his society can be. I think he over-admires James T. Farrell, whom he considers of all major novelists the one most likely still to produce important fiction. And like too many critics of all political pursuasions he facilely disposes of Harriet Beecher Stowe as merely a sentimentalist. These and other errors of judgment derive almost wholly from his invalid basic premise that literature and society are separable.

MARGERY BARRETT.

RECORDS

IT IS a pleasure to report on some unhackneyed items, of which the greatest is Mozart's Piano Quartet in E Flat, K. 493. A mature, subtle masterpiece, with a most tricky piano part, its performance by George Szell with members of the Budapest Quartet lacks the utmost in finesse, but is very musicianly and understanding (Columbia 669). Brahms' F Minor Sonata, Op. 120, originally written for clarinet, is small in scope but rich in melody. It is excellently performed by the viola of William Primrose and the piano of William Kapell (Victor 1106). Mendelssohn's Fifth Symphony, the "Reformation," has this composer's consistent charm, in a serious framework that sometimes slips back from grandeur into pomp. Beecham's performance is a noble one, well recorded (Victor 1104). Khatchaturian's "Masquerade" Suite, written for a Soviet performance of the Lermontov drama, is richly colored, toe-tickling music, in the healthy Tschaikowsky tradition. It is very well recorded by an organization new to records, the Santa Monica Symphony under Jacques Rachmilovich (Asch 800).

Victor is opening its archives of great acoustic vocal records, giving them fine-sounding, and expensively priced, vinylite pressings. Three are examples of operatic art far above anything heard today: the soprano Boninsegna, in two Verdi arias, the contralto Gerville-Reache in two arias from French opera, and McCormack supported by Sammarco and Bori in duets from *Boheme* and *Traviata*. Only slightly less interesting, but even more rare, are discs by Plancon and Amato. Helen Traubel holds up the stature of living singers in an album of six familiar "Italian Operatic Arias." Her voice is splendid but her readings, while musicianly, do not explore the full human nuances of the dramatic situations (Columbia 675).

An album of four traditional Jewish songs and laments, "Songs from the Ghetto," was made surreptitiously in Germany under Hitler. The singer, Joseph Lengyel, sings with deep devotional feeling and a voice of remarkable finish and beauty (Stinson 612).

S. FINKELSTEIN.

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